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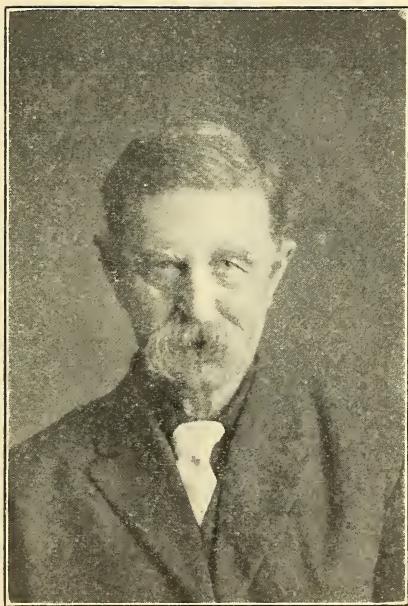
Poems and Prophecies

by

The Mysterious Poet

Charles L. Dominic

"Bard of East Bay"



Charles L. Dominie
"Bard of East Bay"

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By transfer
The White House.

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Poems and Prophecies

by

The Mysterious Poet

Charles L. Dominie

"Bard of East Bay"

President Wilson.

At the helm guiding our nation,
you've always reached a safety station
you the world's man of the hour,
Have faith in the Overpowering power

Meet your destined fate.
Be cool, be calm, true Faith,
Best wishes to you and wife.
Health and happy wife.

Charles L. Dominie.

861 E 8th St.

Traverse City.
Mich.

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1915

INDEX.

	Page.
Introductory	6
Teacher's Recommendation	6
How My Prophecy on McKinley Came.....	7
Prophecy on McKinley	8
Letters from General Alger and President McKinley..	9
To All Beware of the Day.....	10
Our Melancholy Day.....	11
Judge Not a Man By the Garments He May Wear.....	11
The Mysterious Clock	12
Christmas Time	13
1901 POEMS.	
The Broken Pane of Glass.....	13
The Old Cap	14
The Dude and the Bard	14
The Huskin' Bee	15
Death of Little Old Penny	16
1907.	
Tom and Rosa's Wedding Day.....	17
Arthur and Ida's Wedding Night.....	18
1912.	
A City's Pride	19
Prophecy on Wilson	19
Fell by the Wayside	21
What Is To Be Will Be.....	22
War Devils	23
War is Hell	24
The City of the Dead	24
A Martyr	25
Peace	25
A Sweet Sunshine Smile	26
1913.	
A Mystery in a Box.....	20
A Little Child Was My Friend	20

8-31-16
F.G.
To Whom It May Concern: This is to certify that I have known Charles L. Domine for the past thirteen years, during which time he has been continuously engaged in District No. 5 of this township, teaching the public school of said district with ability and success. He has also held the office of Superintendent of Schools in this township for two terms with credit and honor. I can heartily recommend him to any school board as a diligent and energetic worker in the school room.

Respectfully,

Signed:— ISAAC N. SAVAGE,
Superintendent of Schools, Erwin Township, Macomb
County, Michigan.

Dated at Roseville, October 18th, 1880.

INTRODUCTORY.

Little did I think when I published my little pamphlet of poems in 1896, that I ever would again publish any of my poems. In my declining years I have met with adversity.

Such is my sad fate
At the age of nearly sixty-eight.

The joy of my heart, the pride of my life, my blind and helpless wife.
She was my guide, my comforter in my pathway of life.

But I decided to publish this little book of my poems. I was not born a poet. I knew little about poetry, and much less about composing poetry, but at the age of forty-seven I received an inspiration to write poetry. (A mystery.)

My poems are all impromptu, written or recited on the spur of the moment; hence if you notice any grammatical errors or other errors please pass over them lightly.

TEACHER'S RECOMMENDATION.

Settled on a forest home in the fall of 1880. By hardships carved a comfortable little house from the forest five and one-half miles from Traverse City, in East Bay township; lived on the farm until the fall of 1908, when my wife became a helpless and blind invalid, so to give her the best of care, we lived in Traverse City.

The little farm was sold one March day,
Where our life's savings went is a mystery today.

“Peace and a sweet sunshine-smile to all of thee.”
CHARLES L. DOMINE,
“Bard of East Bay.”
P. O. Address, 220 East Front Street, Traverse City,
Michigan.

This is the first poem composed by me. From the pamphlet of 1896 poems.

HOW MY PROPHECY ON MCKINLEY CAME.

Two years ago at the dark, dismal time of midnight
I got up from a sick bed McKinley prophecy to
write,

An unknown hand seemed to guide mine that is
right.

I trembled, shuddered; I went to sleep in a fright.

In visions I could see the poor and destitute of the
land

Crying and appealing for Protection's helping hand.
I could see them gathering around McKinley at the
stand.

Fluttering of handkerchiefs, hurrah, hurrah, for you
we band!

In visions I could see them leave their work undone.
They came from the hillside and plains, saying, "To
vote we come."

In the horizon in the red sky at setting sun,
These letters I see, MCKINLEY has won!

Second poem composed by me. From pamphlet of
1896 poems.

PROPHECY ON McKINLEY.

Here is to McKinley, little Napoleon, hero and man,
Who stood by his friends by refusing
The Presidential nomination when it
Laid within the grasp of his hand.

Born under a lucky star, your destined
Time had not come;
The people now appreciate the grand
And noble service for them you have done.

They will rally around your standard,
You will be the hero in the strife,
You will surely be elected.
For your cause it is right.

Grover may think he is right
In his ways of free trade,
But a million of votes
Will be lost by such tirade.

The workmen who are idle and in despair
Have learned a wise lesson, which
By their next presidential election
They will repair.

The democrats are in a quandary
And in a terrible fix
And as sure as the rising sun
McKinley will be president in 1896.

“Copy.”

R. A. Alger, Detroit Michigan.

Feb. 27th, 1896.

Dear Sir: I have your poems and am much obliged. Will forward the one to Governor McKinley.

Yours truly,

R. A. ALGER.

Mr. Charles L. Domine, Bard of East Bay, Traverse City, Michigan. Box 885.

“Copy.”

WILLIAM McKINLEY,

Canton, Ohio.

February 29th, 1896.

Mr. Charles L. Domine, Box 885, Traverse City, Mich.

My Dear Sir: I thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of your clever verses.

Reciprocating your good wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

WM. McKINLEY.

From pamphlet of 1896 poems.

TO ALL, BEWARE OF THE DAY.

To all I have this to say, beware of the day.
We must arraign for war and begin the fray;
We will be caused to make a tremendous fight;
Let us in God put our trust, for our cause it is right.

What is in the minds of millions I do hate to tell,
For their condition is worse than slaves.

What a knell!
Many so poor wishing they never were born and
pray to be dead.
Is it not time for all to act in harmony before dis-
aster is spread?

Charity, charity, has not been done according to
God's law.

I shudder, I tremble, when I think of the vision I
saw,—

Disaster, bloodshed, ruin and many other woes;
When once begun when will they stop? God only
knows.

Let us all pray to God, He will keep us in His might,
And let all in Him trust to avert disasters in sight,
And all will change to peace and prosperity, I think,
Instead of sending our nation and many to bank-
ruptcy's brink.

From pamphlet of 1896 poems.

OUR MELANCHOLY DAY.

The truth I will tell, your attention I pray;
It's about your melancholy day.

In the morning you get up, you look in a vacant
way;
You can tell by your feelings it's your melancholy
day.

Your friends come to see you, you know not what
to say;
They must excuse you, it's your melancholy day.

But life with its care is responsible in some way,
And so, do what we may, we all have our melan-
choly day.

This is a world of sorrow and sin, for a brighter day
Let us pray; and God may forgive us and save us
from our melancholy day.

From pamphlet of 1896 poems.

JUDGE NOT A MAN BY THE GARMENTS HE MAY WEAR.

A man may dress in garments untidy and cheap,
But his mind may be stored with knowledge wide
and deep.

His friends he may know by the score or more,
And under his poor garments a heart may beat that
never went back on the poor.

He may be eccentric, and seem foolish and that,
But an acquaintance with him will show you such
are not facts.

Every living man or woman has some fault one way
or other.

And the less we say of other's faults the better, and
try not our own to cover.

Hoping all will profit by the few lines the poor bard
has penned

And judge not a man by the garments he may wear
and you may never repent.

From pamphlet of 1896 poems.

THE MYSTERIOUS CLOCK.

One cold winter night I lay awake in my bed,
Thinking of a poem, fitting words for it did not come
into my head.

Not being able to sleep at the time, I looked at the
clock;

It had stopped. I heard a mysterious clock with its
Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

From whence the sound came, for my life, I could
not tell;

I looked in the cupboard, pantry shelves and, well,
I looked in every corner. I was provoked. I was
shocked

To think I could not locate the sound of that mys-
terious clock with its

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

During the day my eldest son, among some rubbish
in the loft,

Found a little old clock about which I had quite
forgot,

Which overhead on the kitchen ceiling he had hung
on a hook,

Where for one instant I never thought to look

Was the mysterious clock with its

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

By luck and by chance at last I did upward glance,
When I found the object of my search I could almost

dance.

How heartily I laughed; it done my heart good
To see how I was fooled by a simple, little old clock
with its

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

The words for my poem at once came to my head,
Which I resolved to write and finish before again
going to bed.

I hope all will be pleased with it and when it is read
That they will not forget the simple little old clock
with its

Tick, tock, tick, tock, tick, tock.

From pamphlet of 1896 poems.

CHRISTMAS TIME.

Let us all gather at the festive board;
Be not miserly and mean, take from your hoard,
And be lanny, joyous and of good cheer,
At Christmas time, the greatest day of the year.

Be generous and kind to the poor, be brave,
For without charity you cannot be saved.
And at last when numbered with the dead
Your place in the grand procession will be near the
head.

1901.

THE BROKEN PANE OF GLASS.

While standing before the office a-watching old Bob,
While Fred and Oc were talking about logs and a
job,
My curiosity prompted me to go in your office, where
I had no biz to be.

Of myself I made an ass, by leaning agin a pane of
glass.
Of a sudden I heard erish, crash; in your office can
be seen the effects of the smash.
Those in the office threw at me a funny gaze.
I felt like a fool; I was in a daze.

For being a fool you get no praise.
The amount of the damage I must raise.
Please send what the amount will be:
It will be paid by C. L. Domine.

THE OLD CAP.

“Ma, where is my cap?”
“Pa, every morn that’s your mishap;
 Helen says she saw it in the shed,
 Oc says he saw it under the bed.”
“Pa, here’s a fur cap which is a little rude.”
“Ma, that will never do, I’ll look like a dude.”
“Pa, here is your old, old cap.”
“Ma, give me my old, and I’ll look what I am,
 An old farmer chap.”

THE DUDE AND THE BARD.

Dude: “I say, bard, how do we look side by side,
 anyway-”

Bard:—

“We’re a very ill-matched pair.
Your dress is gaudy, mine is the worse for wear.
I am tall and you are short;
I’m a farmer and you’re a sport;
I pass for a donkey, you for an ass;
For two darn fools we can easily pass.”

THE HUSKIN' BEE.

The farmer would go around and give all an invite
For a huskin' bee at his place the following night
The chores were done early, as they did all agree
To be early in the evening at the huskin bee.

Piles of unhusked corn lay on the barn bay in a row;
Old and young sat in a row with ruddy cheeks aglow.
You would hear rip, rap, flip, flap, as the corn from
husks was left free:
Everyone was supposed to do their best at the
huskin' bee.

If some lucky lassie a red ear would find, what a
bliss
That entitled him from his best lass to get a kiss.
Then all would laugh in a merry, merry glee,
For there was lots of fun at the huskin' bee.

Cider, pumpkin pie and cake was passed around
To cater to the welfare of his guests the giver was
always fond.
After the huskin' bee all sat down to supper and tea,
That's the way they done biz at the huskin' bee.

Then the chairs and tables were cleared away;
The fiddler in one corner would sit and play.
Everybody took a hand in the dance, happy and free,
For all joined hands at the huskin' bee.

In the wee hours of morn all homeward wended,
And the huskin' bee and dance was ended.
For real live fun the place used to be
The real, good old-fashioned huskin' bee.

As older and older we are getting to be, the good
old wife and me,
The more we love our little grandchildren—Nora,
Harry, Aaron and Charlie,
But we will never forget the good times that used
to be.
When as lad and lassie we used to go to the huskin'
bee.

Herald, October 24, 1901:

Do you remember "Little Penny," the cunning little dog, belonging to Mr. Chas. Domine of East Bay, and the nice little poem Mr. Domine wrote us once about him? Well "Little Penny" is dead, and we asked Mr. Domine to write another poem about him and tell us how he died. So here it is, and we thank the "Bard of East Bay" for writing it for us.

DEATH OF LITTLE PENNY.

Of old age, poor Little Penny is dead.
He was found dead in his little bed in the shed.
Little children all wanted to see
How old Little Penny would get to be.

When young Little Penny was sleek and fat
And no bigger than a wee, wee little rat.
When full grown, his shaggy fur was black and
yellow,
Little Penny was an odd looking little fellow.

The children would bring Little Penny dainty morsels to eat,
And they would laugh to see him enjoying a feast.
When through he would lick their hands, as much as
to say,
"I thank you for what you have brought me today."

In his old age Little Penny was deaf and nearly
blind,
And lying quietly was the only comfort he could
find.
On the sixth day of October, on Sunday morn,
Little Penny's body to his little grave was borne.

And this epitaph to him we did apply:
At the age of twenty Little Penny did die,
And under this sod his little body doth lie.
The children will never, never forget
Dear Little Penny, poor little pet.

TOM AND ROSA'S CHARIVARI.

Thomas Lambert and Miss Rosa Courtade were married Tuesday morning, Nov. 26th, by the Rev. Father Bauer. Henry Courtade, the bride's father, believes in the German custom of giving a charivari to the wedded couple, and to comply with Mr. Courtade's wishes the charivari party assembled at the Four Corners and under the command of Captain Octave Domine marched in a body to the residence of Mr. Courtade. The utmost stillness was maintained until the charivari party arrived near the house. Then Captain Domine gave the order, "Let her pound." Then the steam whistle of Frank Routsong's shredding machine began to blow, Mr. Courtade's large dinner bell was rung, there was pounding of saws, ringing of cowbells, blowing of horns, shooting of guns, the noise and din made the welkin ring. C. L. Domine, the Bard of East Bay, who was a member of the charivari party, was called on for a poem and recited the following impromptu poem:

Though the night is dark and cold outside,
We came to congratulate the groom and bride,
Two popular young people of East Bay,
Who were united in marriage today.

From near and far we have come
With cowbell, steam whistle, horn and gun;
Our captain gives the order, "Let her pound,"
You then hear the most discordant sound.

Cling, clang, toot, toot, bing, bang, ding, dang,
dong,
Intermingled with cheering, music and song.
Soon, Tom, the groom, on the porch did appear,
And for Tom and Rosa, the groom and bride, we give
a cheer.

Tom then said, "I thank you for giving Rosa and me
a chivari with vim;
For refreshments and cigars I invite you within."
Then the din and noise was heard miles away,
As a reminder of Tom and Rosa's wedding day.

Then we, the charivari party, went inside.
And wished a long and happy life to the groom and
bride.
In leaving, we thank thee, thanks of glee,
For our reception at Tom and Rosa's charivari.

Poem of 1907.

ARTHUR AND IDA'S WEDDING NIGHT.

Ida came from Saluda, South Carolina, the land of
clay and cotton,
To marry Arthur of East Bay, the land of spuds and
sandy bottom.

After his honor had pronounced them man and wife,
He wished them a long and prosperous life.

In the kitchen the chairs and tables were cleared
away,
And the dancers in line themselves did array.
Sitting in one corner the fiddler could be found
Playing Old Zip.

Then there was great fun; all stood in a row
To see the bard dance with his girl of forty years
ago.

The charivari came midst much noise and din
To participate in the festivals within.

Thus a romantic affair was ended,
And two hearts in unison blended.
A little couple will try
To live for one another in the sweet bye and bye.

Poem of 1901.

A CITY'S PRIDE.

The streets are kept clean, tidy and neat;
No dangerous obstructions are allowed in the street.
The old and young can safely walk or ride;
Safeguards to life and limb in a city's pride.

A park with shady trees and shady bowers,
Where all could go to pass many pleasant hours,
To give pleasure and comfort, by the city should be
tried,
To show acts of kindness of a city's pride.

A hospital, a want in every city,
Where the poor, sick and afflicted get care and pity,
None but the poor and afflicted can fully describe
The greatest of a city's pride.

Onward is the watchword today,
And no progressive city behind will stay.
But its doors will be opened wide,
For the honor of progress and a city's pride.

Poem of 1912.

PROPHECY ON WILSON.

Roosevelt cleft the Republican party in twain.
The Democrats will come into power again.
It's hard to run on a broken shaft,
And Taft will be running aft.

Among the ballots' grist, many will be found for
Debs, Socialist;
There will be changes here and there,
Great changes everywhere;
And the one to occupy the White House at Wash-
ington
Will be Woodrow Wilson, New Jersey's son.

Poems of 1915.

A MYSTERY IN A BOX.

In the People's Bank, under key and lock, is a mystery in a box.

Frank was an eccentric man, and mysteries for his friends did plan.

Judge Walker is going to act and will learn for a fact

About the mystery under key and lock, a mystery in a box.

J. A. Montague opened the box the mystery to see.
It was gone; where did it flee?

It's a mystery to you and to me,
And a mystery to all it will be.

A CHILD WAS MY FRIEND.

One day my heart was sad;
I had lost a friend I had.

I met a little child
Who greeted me in a voice so mild.

“How do you do, Mr. Domine?”
A little friend in sincerity.
I loved that little child then,
That little child was my friend.

1915.

FELL BY THE WAYSIDE.

Mother, when I was a little child to you I was a joy,
And I played around you with childlike coy;
And at night when you laid me in my little trundle
 bed,
Mother, you gave me a sweet kiss and a good night
 was said.

Well do I remember my youthful school days,
When my schoolmates and I were joyous in romps
 and plays.

Mother, I loved thee, and mother, you loved me;
We were both happy and as happy as could be.

Then I went to see the world, to me unkind,
Where temptations I found of many and many a
 kind.

Down, down I went, down the immoral slide,
I stumbled, I fell; I fell by the wayside.

In a home, a refuge for the downfallen, on a cot I
 laid.
One day a kind lady came, for my salvation we
 both prayed.
By the help of God, no more, no more will I again
 go astray;
Wipe your tears, mother, and for your repentant
 child pray.

WHAT IS TO BE WILL BE.

Since in a true light Jesus I did see,
From a nobody, a somebody He made me,
And I learned the difference between a drone and a
bee.

What is to be will be.

An unmoral human drone is a useless thing,
And much suffering to all the world they bring.
In adversity they leave their old sting.

What is to be will be.

A moral human busy bee
All the world likes to see.
In adversity he does not flee.
What is to be will be.

We know not war's desolation
In this great united nation.
We have peace in this land of the free.
For a world's peace, great God, we ask Thee.
What is to be will be.

WAR DEVILS.

My flesh creeps, I tremble, I shudder with awe,
When I think of the war devils in a vision I saw ;
Such monstrosities by man were never seen,
Such hideousness in form, such ugliness in mien.

When the battle begins each war devil takes his side,
To be a winner is a war devil's diabolical pride.
Such yells and screams each war devil makes to win,
Such yells and screams are heard above the battle's
din.

The war devils have a diabolical scheme
To be where devastation and death is the scene.
There's a lull, the battle doth cease,
A respite, for a rest, a little peace.

Until they again lead the din of shot and shell
The war devils go for a rest in hell.
In the far sky golden clouds o'er and o'er are
fleeting :
In the most beautiful one Jesus is weeping.

1915.

WAR IS HELL.

Those that in the fighting war zone dwell
Know that on earth, war is hell.
The world looks on with awe
In this the greatest conflict the world ever saw.

The wasting of life's blood,
The dead laying in a flood,
The wailings of the widows and the orphans in the
land,
By tears and prayers, peace they demand.

One and all should plan
For the betterment of man to man.
Unless this should be done
Christ on earth again will come.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

The moon shines bright in the sky o'erhead,
The dewdrops sparkle on the tombs of the dead.
Give a single thought, a single sad thought,
Think of the loved ones death has sought.

The rich, the poor, the young, the gray,
After death one and all must pass, decay.
A king decays as well as a pauper man;
So be it, God is just, and doth justice plan.

O'er the graves of the dead, shed a tear
As you did when they laid in their bier.
Their souls may see a great Heavenly light,
Far more beautiful than the moonshine tonight.

1915.

A MARTYR.

For six long years in silence, I shed many a tear
For my helpless and blind wife, to me so dear.
She so blithe, so healthy seven years ago,
Now a physical deformed wreck you hardly know.

Nearly seven years ago the ravages of rheumatism
began to show;
Day by day, night by night, the more intense the
pains did grow;
Such racking pains that distort nerves out of shape.
Her moans nearly caused my heart to break.

She shows the world that a martyr can suffer and
pray;
There will be a peaceful smile when she passes away.
She will join the loved ones that have gone on
before;
They are waiting and waiting for her on that beau-
tiful shore.

PEACE.

When will the war, the great conflict, cease?
When will it hover, the dove of peace?
When in the heart there is love in place of hate,
Then the end of the great conflict you regulate.

For peace never cease to pray;
Your prayers will win the day.
Then the great Omnipotent Power above
Will send a message of peace and love.

1915.

A SWEET SUNSHINE SMILE.

Peace and a sweet sunshine smile to all of thee.
In book form this is the last of my poems you'll see.
When you read my poems, remember me
With a sweet sunshine smile.

I heard a knock at the door, to the door I went.
A little sunshine girl on a mission was bent.
"Mrs. Domine, mamma this basket of things to you
sent,"
On her lips there was a sweet sunshine smile.

Mrs. Domine said: "I thank your mamma and you,
little dear;
Though I am blind, a little angel to me you appear."
In the little room there was a gloom which a sun-
shine chased away.
On the lips of the martyr there was a sweet sunshine
smile.

If all, like this little sunshine girl would do,
To the blind, as angels they might appear too.
God would reward them for a duty well done
And bless them with a sweet sunshine smile.

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